

The Register.

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Up Stairs.

IL KINGSLEY,

DENTIST,

MIDDLEBURY.

OFFICE. Brewster's Block,

Up Stairs.

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ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

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AND CLAIM AGENT,

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Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and

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In Oldfield's Bookstore, Middlebury, Vt.

Books, Books, Watches and Jewelry repaired in the best manner, and warranted. Terms most reasonable.

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law.

At Office of L. D. Eddings, Esq., formerly occupied by P. Starr,

Middlebury, Vt., March 26th 1843.

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Trees, Shrubs, &c. &c.,

The subscriber has established himself in this vicinity, and is prepared to furnish all kinds of

Horticultural Stock,

which will guarantee to be just soon as his patrons shall order.

Trees set out and warranted if desired. #2

Leave your names or orders at the Post Office, in Middlebury, and I will call and see you.

Middlebury, Dec. 30, 1863.

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A. T. CLAY'S

JUST RECEIVED

New Goods,

Consisting of

Millinery, Dress Goods, Cloaks, Shawls, Furs, Worsted Goods

Of Every Description, Dress and Cloak Trimings of All Kinds.

Waterproof Cloths and Cloaks, and

EVERY THING

In the line of

LADIES' DRESSES

and

FURNISHING GOODS,

Call and

OVERCOATS CHEAP!

A lot of good Overcoats on no account will be sold at cost in Cash.

H. A. SHELDON.

Jan'y 29th.

SHEEP WASH TOBACCO.

Sheep Sheep, Small Bladders, Blue Vitriol, Tartar Acid, Sulphur, Butter, Anthony, Corrosive Sublimate, and White Vitriol, at SUDSBURY'S.

POTATOES.

40 bushels for Sale by

H. A. SHELDON.

FOR SALE.

House and Seventeen Acres of Land, pleasantly situated on Otter Creek in this village. For price and terms of sale apply to the subscriber,

49th MRS. OZIAS SEYMOUR.

ITCH! ITCH! ITCH!

SCRATCH! SCRATCH!

SCRATCH!

Wheaton's Ointment

WILL CURE THEITCH IN 48 HOURS

Also cures SALT RHEUM, ULCERS, Chilblains, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Price 50 cents.

For sale by all Druggists.

At 15 Washington St., Boston, it will be sent by mail, free of postage, to any part of the United States.

#2 Fenn & Tatte, Rutland, general agent for Vermont.

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SEED POTATOES.

Cosas Potatoes, 7 bushels raised from 5 quarts,

good to eat and very productive,—few bushels

of Sale by H. A. SHELDON. 49th

Middlebury Register.

VOL. XXX.

MIDDLEBURY, VT., WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1865.

NO 7.

POETRY.

OUR BOYS ARE COMING HOME.

Thank God, the sky is clearing,
The clouds are hurrying past;
Thank God, the day is nearing,
The dawn is coming fast.
And when glad herald voices
Shall tell us peace has come,
This thought sha'nt most rejoice us,
Our boys are coming home!

Soon shall the voice of singing
Draws war's tremendous din;
Soon shall the jollies ring ring
From the battle-fields of morn,
The jubilee bonfires burning,
Soon light up the dove,
And soon, to soothe our yearning,
Our boys are coming home!

The vacant fireside places
Have waited for them long;
The love-light backs their seats,
The chorus waits their song;
A shadowy fair has haunted
The long deserted room,
But now our prayers are granted,
Our boys are coming home!

O mother, stay waiting,
For that beloved son!
O mother, stay waiting,
The soldiers are won't;
O maiden, softly bemoaning
The loved one who lef' the room,
Joy, joy, the boys are coming—
Our boys are coming home!

And yet—oh, keep not sorrow!
They're comin', but not all;
Eell many a heart-mourner
Small wear its sad pall
For thousands more are weeping
Beneath the empurpled hem;
Woe! woe! for those we're weeping,
Who never will come home!

O earth, hush thy grieving;
Wait but a brief while,
With hope and fear begin,
The fair day comes
Wait for the favors coming
Before the stormy weather,
For then the sun may be setting
To tell us we're come home!

MISCELLANY.

SACRIFICE.

We shot them in the spring the first,
The last thing they did was to sing.
Now you're all created again,
Take me back all created again,
O brother! when death calls him,
Off with him! bullet flies him.

The loyal heart, the martyr's home,
The earthly home of the brave,
Or was it the home of the coward?

“O! Mammy, papas come home, come home!” shouted little Harold James, springing to meet his sister, as she returned from afternoon school.

“Has he?” cried Mary, her gentle face lighting up with joy. “O! how glad I am he was not killed,—and now I shall have my ring;” and she followed, with flying feet, her little brother into the house.

And the poor wife sat yet in her chair, trying to die; but she could not. “Ah! no, one cannot die when one would.” Death is easy; it ever flies from those who seek it; it delights only to take away those who love and cling to life.

“Mamma,” said little Mary, “I want to see my papa. May I go and see him now?”

“Dash, child,” said the mother, harsh in her bitter anguish, “you have no pa.”

The poor little one, stricken into silence, sat grave as a hopeless woman, by her mother's side.

Mary blushed but made no answer. Her father had been the hero of her daily life and nightly dreams. She remembered him as one who had always been kind to her, and who had seemed to her child-like eyes, as the very pattern of all that was noble and manly. She could not quite reconcile his present appearance with her memories and her dreams. She had an instinctive feeling, too, that her mother was disappointed and grieved, for what, she could not have told. Something was wrong, and little Mary's heart sank heavily, while even Harry Harold's song was still. His sunny face became very grave, and retiring to a corner he sat down, and leaning his curly head against the wall, applied himself to his ever-present comforter—his thumb—and remained silently sucking it for a long time.

“Mamma,” said Mary, when she had said her prayer that night, and her mother was about leaving her to her sleep, “we expected to be very, very happy when papa came home; but we are not, are we?”

“Do not talk so, my love,” said her mother, gently. “Your papa is very tried. He has traveled far, and had a very hard time. To-morrow he will feel better, and so, I hope, shall we all.”

As the mother turned away, tears rolled from her eyes to the floor.

At 12 when something is wrong with or a friend long can true and having heart deceived. When the war broke out, Leonard James felt it his duty to go, his wife tried not to oppose him. She gave him up to her country, surrounding and fearing most of all that he was not a Christian. But she committed him into the hands of God, believing that He had power to keep her husband as safely on the battle-field as at home.

He had spoken ill of his wife, and his wife had been taken. The sturdy frame, the loyal heart, the good name and soul of him they leaned on—all, all sacrificed. Are they not paupers and destitute? There is no agony like that of seeing a beloved friend going surely to destruction by his own voluntary sin, and there is no poverty so miserable as that of those who are thrust into it by the very hand that should lift them up.

“Mamma,” said Mary, when she had said her prayer that night, and her mother was about leaving her to her sleep, “we expected to be very, very happy when papa came home; but we are not, are we?”

“Do not talk so, my love,” said her mother, gently. “Your papa is very tried.

“For this is no fancy sketch. It is one of the many true tales of woe and anguish that go to make up the annals of war. Leonard is but one of those that he was obtaining a glimpse of the hydra of Secession, beside which the armed rhinoceros were an agreeable companion, and the rugged Russian bear a pleasant household pet. His face grew pale, but he replied, with dignity and firmness,

“I deny your right to ask me any such questions.”

The inquisitors, who were of good social position and gentlemanly manners, claimed that the public emergency was so great as to justify them in examining all strangers who excited suspicion; and that he left them only the alternative of concluding him an Abolitionist and an incendiary. At last he informed them truthfully that he had never sympathized with the Anti-Slavery party, and had always voted the Democratic ticket. They next inquired if the house which employed him was Black Republican.

“Gentlemen,” he replied, “it is a bad firm, not a political one. I never heard politics mentioned by either of the partners. I don't know whether they are Republicans or Democrats.”

He cheerfully permitted his baggage to be searched by the Minute Men, who, finding nothing objectionable, bade him good-evening. But, just after they left, a mob of Roughs, attracted by the report that an Abolitionist was stopping there, entered the hotel. They were very noisy and profane, and the landlord, crying out, “Get out! get out!” they fled.

His friend the merchant, spirited him out of the house through a back door, and drove him to the railway station, whence a midnight train was starting for the North. His pursuers, finding the room of their victim empty, followed in hot haste to the depot. The merchant saw them coming, and again conveyed him away to a private room. He was kept concealed for three days, until the excitement subsided, and then went north by a long train.

One of the clerks at the hotel where I was boarding had been an acquaintance of mine in the North ten years before.

Though I now saw him several times a day, polit